

## AFTER DUSK.

Pale gleam the stars in the dark sky,  
The yellow moon hangs low;  
The little white-topped wavelets die  
On foam-girt rocks, and rippling flow  
On into shining pools where slow  
The silver eel twists to and fro;  
And with a clang of wings on high  
The wild swans seaward fly.

The sea's soft wash among the weeds  
Sprays hushfully hang;  
The wan blue heron soars and speeds  
Back to the inland marshes gray,  
Where hardly ever wind-breaths fray  
The brooding waters day by day;  
And from the sea-marge of tall reeds  
The loon his shy mate leads.

A still falling wind doth stir,  
And sob as weeping o'er  
Some deep-down wave-worn sepulchre;  
Till reaching the dim silent shore  
Its music minglieth with the lore  
By waves sung softly evermore.  
Hush! all is still—save one last whirr  
Of doves in yonder fir.

—Good Words.

## LOUNGING ABOUT.

They are lounging about in the stores and saloons,  
They are telling old stories and whistling old tunes;  
And the looks of their clothes, which are seedy and thin,  
Clearly prove that they're partial to leisure and gin.

They are lounging about  
And their elbows are out,  
But for public opinion they don't care a pin.

When the mercury mounts at the bidding of spring,  
Then the loungers appear on the streets in a string,  
For the sun has a charm for these fadulent gents  
As they stand with their backs to a wall or a fence  
And complacently whittle.  
While they argue a little—  
Just enough to exhibit their lack of good sense.

They are looking for work—so they say with a sigh,  
That is one part emotion, the balance "old rye,"  
But their manner of looking we're bound to condemn  
When we recollect work is inquiring for them;  
Should they meet face to face  
What would then be the case?  
Why, the former would dodge and go rapidly by.

So they stand in the sun and they think and they think  
How delightful 'twould be if invited to drink.  
And when supper time comes they partake of the bread  
That a patient wife earns with her needle and thread,  
And they sighingly say  
That they've hunted all day  
For a job, as they lazily crawl into bed.  
Ah, the loungee he loveth to lazily lean  
On some nice sunny corner from morning till even;  
'Though he's out at the elbows and down at the heels  
And his stomach's a stranger to regular meals,  
He, much rather than toil,  
Would be bottled, sir, in oil,  
Or be ground into powder by Juggernaut's wheels.

—Farnham Mice.

## SAVED BY THE ROPE'S SNAPPING.

The Punishment of a Man who Boasted  
That He Could Run Off with All the  
Women in Town, and Ran Off with a  
Farmer's Wife.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

BATAVIA, Ohio, May 21.—William Story, alias Allen, is a St. Louis man, and Mrs. Charles Atchley is the wife of Charles Atchley, a well-to-do and highly respected young farmer who lives at Alton, about four miles north of this place, on the Williamsburg road. Allen eloped with Mrs. Atchley. Allen is a native of Brown County in this State, but since 1870 has been traveling in the West, making his headquarters at St. Louis, which place he now calls his home. The pair were captured by Detectives Duffy and Shaffer at the Great Western Hotel in Cincinnati, where they had stopped on their way to St. Louis, their place of destination. Charles Atchley, whose wife is the victim of Allen's wiles, is a young man of excellent character, and a son of David Atchley, Township Trustee, and a prominent business man of Alton. When Allen was brought back to this place and lodged in jail, open threats of lynching were made. During his stay in Alton, Allen had made himself offensive by his frequent boasts that he could run off with all the women in town.

The feeling against the man was intensified as the facts in his recent escapade developed, and early this morning a band of men, all masked, went to the hotel and battered down the door of his room. The men soon had Allen in their possession. He pleaded for his life, but no attention was paid to his prayers. He was taken from the hotel and hurried to the bridge that spans the creek close to town, and it was only by a miracle that he escaped hanging. At the bridge a rope was tied around his neck, and the other end was made fast to the timbers and he was then thrown

head first over the bridge. He uttered a cry, and the next instant fell into the water, a distance of about 40 feet. In this terrible descent the rope had wrapped itself about his shoulders, and the force of his fall snapped the rope, and he fell to the water comparatively uninjured.

An *Enquirer* reporter found Allen in the Munson House, lying on a lounge, still suffering from bruises but comfortable. His neck and shoulder show marks of the rope, and his feet are cut severely by the stones in the bottom of the creek, in which he walked a considerable distance before deeming it safe to venture ashore. He says that he heard the mob approaching the house where he was guarded, but that before he could call any one they had forced their way in, passed the Constables and Marshal, and entered the room occupied by Henry Skillinger and another boarder. He heard them ask for him, and heard Skillinger say, "For God's sake let me go;" that he was not the man that they wanted. There were eight or ten in the room. Skillinger continued to plead and cry that he was not the man that they were after, and they told him to shut up or they would blow his brains out.

The door of his room hardly checked them an instant, and a dozen men were upon him. He was still in bed. Three or four pistols were leveled at his head. "Open your mouth to make any outcry," the ringleader said, "and I'll blow the top of your head off." Another of the mob brandished a long knife used for topping corn, and told him if he tried to escape he would chop him down like a corn-stalk. "I was not frightened," said Allen, "and asked them what I had done to deserve such treatment? If I have done wrong I am willing to make any reparation or suffer any responsible penalty, but this is too much." They told him if he opened his mouth again they would kill him, and pistols were shoved close to his face, and the man with the corn-knife slashed it around close to his head.

They then made him get out of bed and tied his hands behind his back and bound his legs, so he could take only short steps. His hands were tied with a small cord which cut his wrists. "We are only going to duck you," said one. But Allen says when he saw the rope with a hangman's knot in the end, he knew that something a great deal worse was coming. The rope was then put around his neck, and he was dragged out of the room and down the street toward the creek. "I was in my bare feet," said he, "and had nothing on but my undershirt and drawers. They dragged me to the bridge, and when they arrived in the middle of it all hands stopped. There were about fifteen men close around me, but the whole bridge was black with them. The bridge is a new, uncovered ore, and thirty-one feet above the water. As I learned to-day, they made me stand erect with my back to the railing. The noose was drawn tightly around my neck, and the other end made fast to an upright.

"On my way down from the hotel I had managed to work my hands loose, but kept them behind my back as if tied, and intended to use them when an opportunity offered. I fully expected to be hanged, but proposed to make an effort to save myself when every thing was ready. The man who was bossing the job called out: 'Now, do your duty.' With that as many as could seized me, and tumbled me head first over the railing. Perhaps," said Allen, covering his eyes with his hands seemingly to shut out the memory, "perhaps the sensation I felt then was pleasant, and perhaps it was not. Here I endeavored to use my hands to some purpose, but before I could push the rope it parted with a snap like the breaking of a stick, and I fell head first into the creek. The water was about up to my hips. I got on my feet, and at first I could barely stand. It was tolerably dark, but I could see scores of heads peering down over the railing of the bridge above me. Some of them cursed their bad luck, and others said I hadn't got away yet by any means; and three pistol shots were fired, the bullets striking near me in the water. Several of them ran out on the bank of the creek and threw stones down at me, and attempted to get down, but the bank was too steep. I moved off up stream as cautiously as I could. They followed me some distance, and then fled, as if alarmed at the approach of some one."

## Mr. Beecher's Experience of Poke-Root.

We recommend our readers never to dig poke-root, supposing it to be horse-radish. We said to a friend at Peekskill, two years ago, that we wished she would get us some poke-root, which grew in her place. We understood that when it was dried and powdered it was just as good as purging-powder for cockroaches. She said she would. Three weeks passed; she sent down the root, wrapped in a newspaper, and it was brought up stairs. We saw it, and supposed it was horse-radish. We said: "Take it down into the kitchen." This was done, and some of it grated to send up to table. It was passed round; somebody took some, and said: "This doesn't taste like fresh root." We said: "Well, it's a dead sort of bitter." Another tasted it and did not like it, and we all concluded to let it alone. In about eight hours after that time a more active family you never saw. Purging, vomiting, loss of sight, and all sorts of symptoms of poisoning came on, and if we didn't have one of the most watchful and merry nights! Indeed, several homoeopathic physicians sent word to ascertain exactly the symptoms, in order to correct their descriptions of the action of the root, and we were able to tell them exactly its operation, first, middle and last. Since then we have given up all thought of using poke-root for horse-radish.—*Christian Union*.

It has been proved that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed consumptive geranium up two inches, would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a thousand-dollar mortgage out of sight.

## Willson's Carbulated Cod Liver Oil.

Cures Consumption when other Oils Fail.

**WILLSON'S CARBULATED (Norwegian) Cod Liver Oil**  
Immediately Arrests Decay and Builds Up the System.

**WILLSON'S CARBULATED (Norwegian) Cod Liver Oil**  
Is retained by the Weakest Stomach. Is Free from Unpleasant Taste. Is Readily Digested. Never gets Rancid.

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Cures Consumption, Scrofula, Emaciation, Coughs, Colds, All Lung and Constitutional Complaints and is a remarkably efficient Blood Purifier and checks the Ravages of Disease.

**WILLSON'S CARBULATED (Norwegian) Cod Liver Oil**  
Is sold only in large wedge-shaped bottles. Willson's registered with a double "L." Remember the word "CARBULATED" in ordering from your Druggist, and insist on having the right kind. Send for Circulars to the Proprietors, GUEMP MANUFACTURING CO., 22 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

## BUCHAN'S CARBOLIC BALM OINTMENT

Best Salve in the World. Quick and Startling Cures. It Heals Without a Scar. Allays Pain & Stops Bleeding. Soothes a Burn or Scald. Heals a Cut Like Magic. Draws Poison out of a Wound.

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CONTAINS NO GREASE AND WASHES OFF WITHOUT SOAP. It acts Instantly and Like Magic.

For Salt Rheum, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Bites, Sore Eyes, Poisonous Stings, and Erysipelas, Itch, Chapped Hands, Scrofulous Sores, and any and every other purpose for which a Salve or Ointment can be used, Buchanan's Carbolic Balm Ointment is the only preparation that can always be relied upon. It is a beautiful jelly-colored article, sold in glass bottles with the above "trade-mark," without which none is genuine. Send to it that your druggist gives you Buchanan's, as above described. Circulars sent free on application to the Manufacturers, GUEMP MANUFACTURING CO., 22 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

## Bulgarian Thrift.

The chief characteristic of the Bulgars is the love of gain; their passion is thrift; a characteristic which, with education and freedom, will make them the advancing people of the East. They have a saying among themselves: "When a Bulgarian mother's only son returns to her after a long absence, she does not say to him, 'My son, how have you been?' but, 'My son, what have you brought back?'" One anecdote combines their thrift with their superstitions in a very characteristic manner. I had sent a mass of new clothes to a burned village high up on the mountain side before the middle of winter, and, having got the *tehoradji's* receipt, I delayed going there till early in March. The snow was up to my horse's knees, and the Balkan wind was cutting through my sheepskins. To my horror I found myself surrounded by a crowd of half-naked, shivering creatures, some of the children with only a rag round their loins, the women and girls huddling under tattered rags. Some, they said, were too naked to appear. What had happened? Had my gift of clothes been lost, or was it stolen, or what? "Oh, no," screamed a dozen women at once; "praise God, the clothes are here all safe; but we have only them and these rags, and if we put them on how could we have new clothes for the Paschal feast?" "But," I said, "you will die before Easter comes of this cold; half of you must be dead already." "Oh, yes," they replied, "certainly; many and many are with the saints for want of clothes; and, if more die, God will it so. But how could we keep the Paschal day without new clothes? It would curse us!"—*The Nineteenth Century*.

Some curious colors are to be seen in materials and embroidery, such as blackberries, blossoms and foliage on a deep red ground, buttercups and grass on peacock blue, poppies on old gold.

## BLACK AS THE RAVEN'S WINGS IS KIDDER'S Raven Indelible Ink.

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An Agreeable Aperient & Refrigerant. This well-known preparation is highly recommended for Biliousness, Headache, Sickening of the Stomach, Heartburn, and all complaints arising from Acidity, Bile, and Malarial Fevers. It cures the blood and regulates the bowels. It is a favorite medicine for children, and its purity and sweet taste makes it cooling and refreshing. Put up in 64 and 128 bottles. Prepared by S. ROGERS' SONS, Chemists, N. Y. SUPERIOR TO MINERAL WATERS, SODA-WATERS, &c.

## Willson's Carbulated Cod Liver Oil.

"After all, no remedy is so certain to cure Consumption as pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, Carbulated by Willson's excellent process."—*Dr. Watt*.

All consumptive patients are earnestly invited to give Willson's Carbulated Cod Liver Oil a fair trial. It is easily and readily digested where all similar preparations are refused by the stomach, and immediately enters into the circulation, acting specifically upon the decaying lungs. The nutritious properties of the oil sustain and build up the system, while the active curative properties of the preparation complete the work of healing.

Willson's Carbulated (Norwegian) Cod Liver Oil never gets rancid, is free from unpleasant taste, is retained easily by the weakest stomach and is sold at the price of the ordinary Oils.

It cures Consumption, Scrofula, Asthma, Bronchitis, Emaciation, Coughs, Colds, Hemorrhages and all lung and constitutional complaints. As a Blood Purifier the Carbulated Oil is remarkably efficient. Its use in Scrofulous Affections, Rheumatism, Rickets, &c. is strongly recommended. Its purifying power is wonderful in Consumption—depending, as it frequently does, upon Scrofula as a taint.

It acts upon the rational theory of IMMEDIATELY ARRESTING DECAY WHILE IT BUILDS UP THE SYSTEM, enabling it to throw off the disease.

Sold only in wedge-shaped bottles. "Willson" is spelled with a double "L." Remember the word "Carbulated" in ordering from your druggist, and insist upon having the right kind.

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